

SOUL SPACES

Poems on Cities, Towns & Villages

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Sunil Sharma loves to listen to the stars, birds, winds and watch the sky. He tries to understand the eye-language and enthusiasm of pet dogs – feel the pain and weight of the leash, trapped in a home-cage, bound with chains, watched by Covid-19. Sunil has published 23 creative and critical books – joint and solo. He edits the monthly *Setu* journal: <https://www.setumag.com/p/setu-home.html> For other details, please visit the website: <https://sunil-sharma.com>

NOMADS ON A RECALL MODE

Some remain in a perpetual transit.
No city, town or village can ever
hold them down – forever.

The desires and dreams
unsettle them and compel them
to move on
disband
unsettle
settle
unsettle, in an
evolutionary journey.

When the night arrives with the softness of
a young mother's hands,

tender darkness remains un-pierced
by the urban lamps,

a town unfolds, incrementally, as a
sequence, before the sleep-heavy eyes:

old, twisted alleys resurface
places filled with the
sounds of the temple bells

shadows of
shady trees that shimmer
on the streets, in foggy light

brick houses lean over each other
and neighbours talk over
low walls, in animated gestures
and modulating voices

and

faces that lit up,
when an old face
floated in the crowds,
return on their nightly streams.

Hometowns can be abandoned.
But hometowns
never vacate the
spaces
within the souls

GHAZIABAD, UNFADED

It is the place where your
heart is anchored – forever.

Where –
in the streets and squares
now given an ugly facelift,
your younger version comes
colliding with the cynical one,
the adult self.

Where:
Old laughter can be yet heard and retrieved, in a dim recess of
a fevered mind, looking for the lost landscapes
fragrances and sounds, in altered
skylines and re-modelled architectures.

Ghaziabad is home to an idealism of youth, erased.

It is the soil
where poetry got born

and comes back
on broken birdwings
for rest.